THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Othello.*

No. 5732. *Wednesday, May* 6, 1840. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play s the thing."—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Love in a Village was repeated at this Theatre yesterday evening, with *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.*

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

LAST night the performances here, were *Hamlet, How to Pay the Rent,* and the Farce of *John Jones.*

ADELPHI.—Mr. Yates brings his season to a close this evening. Although the expenditure has been enormous, we trust the returns will prove satisfactory.

The Shakpearians.—The performance of these amateurs, which was to have taken place last night, was postponed in consequence of a misunderstanding about the Theatre at which the representation shall take place. Many of the subscribers are anxious for Drury Lane being engaged for a series of performances, but as that house is let from the 25th of the present month, a difficulty is in the way of that object. An objection is raised to a continuance at the Prince'sTheatre, on the ground of the mutilation the house has undergone to fashion it for the patrons of the German provincial company, now performing there.

Rossini at Naples.—This once brilliant composer is still at Naples, says a Paris print, where he recently received from one of his countrymen a very high public compliment, but which carried like the serpent a sting in its tail of more than common pungency. The anecdote is worth relating. A very celebrated *improvisatore* was pronouncing before a crowded assemblage, a glowing eulogium upon the genius of the illustrious Neapolitans, now no more. He preceded his panegyric upon each with a description of his tomb, which appeared from the warmth and eloquence of the improvisitation to rise before the eyes of the poet as he spoke. After passing several in review, "And here," continued the orator, "here stands the tomb of one dear to Apollo, the late lamented Rossini." "How," exclaimed one of his hearers, "Rossini! he is not dead, he is even present." "No," said the poet, "his body—his earthly frame is indeed amongst us, but his immortal part, his genius, lies dormant in the tomb." The exclamations which followed this sally of the *improvisatore* are described as loud enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers, whether they are sufficient to rouse the slumbering spirit of the *Grand Maestro* from his torpor yet remains to be known.

A Pantaloon at Sea.—"We had not long left Dover, when a breeze sprung up, to the joy of the Captain and crew, but death to all the passengers. Oh the heaving of the vessel, and the heaving of the voyagers! Not the slightest occasion for the stomach-pump—especially for myself. The veterinary gentleman at Dover had provided against that, although I went regularly through every action and attitude, so much so that the rest, who really

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were ill, and no mistake, thought I was making fun of them, particularly *Columbine* and her mother, who sat nearly opposite to me, only to the leeward ; I held tight by the arms of the bench, as I used to do in *Mother Goose*, for fear of being pitched forward ; so they had an excellent full view of my face whenever they dared to lift their heads up, and see the "much ado about nothing," I made. My dreadful noises and faces set them off ten times worse than ever, and they held up their hands, and turned up the whites, no the yellows of their eyes, as much as to say, "For pity's sake, Barnes, don't do it again." But Barnes could not help himself."—*Journal of Qld Barnes, the Pantaloon.*

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor.—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, but will you excuse me—I have to mention that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends and the fashionable world at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town :—

Monday, stroll'd to Madame Tussaud's elegant Exhibition, Golden Corinthian Saloon, Baker-st., Portman Sq.—Just added to their unrivalled collection, the splendid full length figures of Her Majesty the Queen, in her Windsor uniform, and Prince Albert in his military costume, also the group of John Knox, reproving Mary Queen of Scots, consisting of Mary, Elizabeth, Henry VIII, Luther, Calvin, and Knox, in magnificent costumes.

Tuesday, I am to be found at the Royal Diorama, Regent's Park, admiring the two splendid Paintings by Le Chevalier Bouton, representing *The Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in Westminster Abbey*, and the *Interior of the Church of Santa Croce*, at Florence, with all the effect of light and shade, from noon till midnight. This Exhibition is always crowded with fashionables.

Wednesday, pop into the Cosmorama Rooms, to admire a most interesting Exhibition of East and West Indian Fruits of natural size, hanging to the branches and trunks of the trees, pictorially represented,—truly beautiful.

In my way from the Theatre, drop into the *Harmonic Meeting*, held at Evans's Grand Hotel, King Street, Covent Garden,—quite delighted with the excellence of the singing, commences every evening at ten o'clock. When Mrs. P. is out of town, stay a week, and only pay a guinea for bed and breakfast. I'm always to be found on Saturday, at half-past five, at the Convivial Dinner held here.

Thursday, pay a visit to the Somerset Gallery, Strand, next to Somerset House, to witness *The Industrious Fleas* go through their extraordinary performance of dancing, riding, driving, &c. also two Fleas deciding an affair of honour sword in hand. I then visited the Royal Glass Working Exhibition, paid only sixpence for admission, and received an article in return.

"All good *spirits* come to my *Beck*," at his Dr. Johnson's Tavern, Bolt Court, Fleet Street—where you meet excellent company—capital fare at *fair* prices—delightful singing—(commences every evening at a quarter to nine,) cigars, billiards, good beds, and an enticing bill of fare.

On the same day, paid a delightful visit to *The Typorama*, Quadrant, Regent Street, a large and accurate modelled view of *The Underlcliff of the Isle of White*, constructed by L. L. B. Ibbotson, sq.

Afterwards called at Emmett's, 27, Holborn Hill, to view his Novel Pen Maker by which any one can make a superior Pen in less than one minute—also hi much improved Needle Threader, to enable Ladies, whose sight is impairad to thread their needles with the greatest ease—a most ingenious contrivance.

Went to visit some country cousins, found them at Blake's Tavern, King William Street, West Strand, quite surprised at the excellence of their fare, and cheapness of their beds, wines, spirits, and accommodation. On a Saturday evening there is a highly respectable convivial meeting held here, which commences at 9 o'clock.

"Why are my eyes like Balfe's Opera of *The Maid of Artois?*" "Because they've got the *Light of Other Days* in them!" through trying the efficacy of Grimstone's Herbacious Eye Snuff—a 2s. 4d. & 1s. 3d. Canister restored my visual organs—quite a miracle—left off my spectacles.—Bought at 39, Broad-st, Bloomsbury—have a care to the inventor's signature—and that it is patronized by the Royal Family and authorized by her Majesty's Treasury on each canister.

On Saturday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle Work, Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.—But I intrude—beg pardon—Your's &c.—PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, Sheridan Knowles's Play of

L O V E.

Duke of Carinthia, Mr COOPER, Count Ulrick, Mr DIDDEAR,
Prince Frederick of Milan, Mr SELBY, Huon, Mr ANDERSON,
The Countess of Eppenstein, Miss ELLEN TREE,
Katherine. . Madame VESTRIS, Christina. . Miss LEE.

After which, (15th Time) a New & Original Grand Comic, Romantic, Operatic Melo-Dramatic, Fairy Extravaganza, in 3 parts, entitled The

SLEEPING BEAUTY

IN THE WOOD.

Scenery by the Messrs. Grieve. Music, by Mr J. H. Tully

Part First.—Period, 1583.

The BOUDOIR of the FAIRY BANEFUL,
Nine Thousand Miles North of the Kingdom of Noland.
The Fairy Baneful, Mrs TAYLEURE,
Newspaper Imp, (*not "Printer's Devil,"*) Master FLIGHT,

BANQUET HALL,

In the CASTLE of the KING of NOLAND.
Thomas, surnamed "Noddy," (*King of Noland*) Mr J. BLAND,
Queen Serena, (*His Consort*) Mrs MACNAMARA,
Nurse, Mrs EMDEN, Gentleman Usher, Mr RIDGWAY,
Baron Factotum, (*Grand-Lord-High-Everything*) Mr HARLEY

FAIRIES INVITED TO THE BANQUET.

The Fary Antidota, Miss LEE, The Fairy Elegantina, Miss PHILLIPS

Part Second.—Period, 1601.

VESTIBULE IN THE ROYAL CASTLE.
The Lady Aurora Abigail (*1st of the Bedchamber*) Miss RAINFORTH

APARTMENT OF THE PRINCESS,

The Princess Is-a-belle, (*aged* 18, *all but an hour*) Mad. VESTRIS,
Madlle. LUIGIA BETTONI, and Mon. SAXONI,
Will Dance *A NEW PAS DE DEUX,*

Lobby & Lumber Room at the Top of the Castle.

THE STATE BED CHAMBER.

Part Third.—Period, 1701.

MAGIC FORREST.

Larry O'Clog,) *Wood Cutters,* (Mr BROUGHAM,
Colin Clump,) (Mr KERRIDGE,
Prince Perfect, Mr J. VINING,
Castle Gates. Moat and Drawbridge. Old Palace Yard.
And *RE*-view of a Company of "The Old Guards."

A QUICK - SET Hedge,

And a MERRY Green Wood, in the SPRING time of the Year.

THE STATE BED CHAMBER, (exactly as before)
Person-ages "In Statu Quo"—Though a Century Older.
Ex-King of Noland. (aged 160) Mr J. BLAND,
Ex-Queen of ditto, (aged 150) Mrs MACNAMARA,
Lord Factotum, (aged 140) Mr HARLEY,
Lady Aurora Abigail, (aged 120) Miss RAINFORTH,
The Princess Is-a-belle, [still,] (aged 118) Mad. VESTRIS,
Illuminated Palace and Gardens, of the Fairy Antidota,
La Cachoucha, by Mademoiselle MARIA LUIGIA BETTONI.
Departure of the Seven Faries, In a Patent

SAFETY "FLY"

To-morrow, The Merry Wives of Windsor, and The Sleeping Beauty.

Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

This Evening, the Farce of

Tom Noddy's Secret,

Captain Ormond, Mr J. WEBSTER,
Mr Thomes Noddy ..... Mr STRICKLAND,
Inkpen, Mr OXBERRY,
Gabrielle....(an Orphan)....Miss CHARLES,
Marry, (Noddy's Niece) Miss TRAVERS.

After which, (Never Acted) a New and Original Farce, in Two Acts, (by the Author of "His Last Legs," &c.) called The

Irish Attorney;

Or, Galway Practice in 1790.

Pierce O'Hara, (the Irish Attorney) Mr POWER,
Jacob Wylie (a Yorkshire Attorney, his Partner,) Mr STRICKLAND
Hawk, (their Clerks,) Mr OXBERRY,
Saunders, (their Clerks,) Mr CLARK,
Charlcote, (a Young Fox Hunter) Mr WORRELL,
Maldon, (his Friend) Mr HOWE,
Fielding..... (his Rival) .....Mr CAULFIELD,
Miss Charlcote, Miss TRAVERS,
Sally.....Miss MATTLEY.

To be followed by, the new Farce, in 2 Acts, by Mr. Bernard, called

His Last Legs.

O'Callaghan, (a Man of Genius on his Last Legs,) Mr POWER,
Rivers, (a Country Gentleman)' Mr STRICKLAND,
Charles Rivers, Mr WALTER LACY,
Dr. Banks, Mr GOUGH.
Mrs Montague..... Mrs W. CLIFFORD,
Julia Banks, Miss TRAVERS,
Betty .... Miss GROVE.

To conclude with, a Farce, in One Act, called

My Wife's Dentist

Sir John Beauville, Mr J. WEBSTER,
General Squadron, - Mr STRICKLAND,
David, Mr T. F. MATHEWS,
Dick Hazard, - Mr WRENCH,
Lady Letitia Beauville, Miss TRAVERS,
Rhoda, Mrs F. MATHEWS, Cicely, Miss GROVE,

To-morrow, Richelieu, a New Farce, and Hobbs, Dobbs and Stubbs.

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